I MAK SICCAR
ANDREW·J·KIRKPATRICK

1313

Five Excellent

SONGS.

The Flower o' Dumblane.

The Yellow Hair'd Laddie.

The Meeting of the Waters.

Life is like a Summer Flower.

Bruce's Address,

NEWTON-STEWART.
Printed and sold Wholesale and Retail,
By J. M'Nairn.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS,

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power
Chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha wad fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave;
Coward turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw;
Freeman stan', or freeman fa',
Caledonians, on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe,
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! do or die!

LIFE IS LIKE A SUMMER FLOWER.

Oh! life is like a summer flower,
Blooming but to wither;
O, love is like an April hour,
Tears and smiles together:
And hope is but a vapour light,
The lover's worst deceiver;
Before him now it dances bright,
And now it's gone for ever.

O, joy is but a passing ray,
Lover's hearts beguiling;
A gleam that cheers a winter's day,
Just a moment smiling.
But tho', in hopeless dark despair,
The thread of life may sever:
Yet while it beats, dear maid, I swear,
My heart is thine for ever!

THE FLOWER o' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty
Benlomoud,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er
the scene,

While lanely I stray in the calm summ
gloamin'
To muse on sweet Jessie the flower
Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faul
ing blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle
green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to t
bosom'
Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r
Dumblane.

She's modest as onie, and blythe as sh
bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her
ain;
And far be the villan, divested of feeli
Wha'd blight in its bloom, the sw
flow'r o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn
the e'ening,
Thour't dear to the echoes o' Cald
wood glen;

Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning'
Is charming young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw the nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o! Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as nathing the hight o' its splendour,
If wanting young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April when primroses paint the sweet plain,

And summer approaching rejoiceth the
swain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes
go
To wilds and deep glens, where the haw-
thorn trees grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred
thorn,
With freedom he sang his love ev'ning and
morn;
He sang with so soft and enchanting a
sound,
That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danc'd
around.

The shepherd thus sang: "Though young
Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud
air:
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly
could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in
the spring.

That Maya, in all the gay bloom of her
youth,

ke the moon was inconstant, and never
spoke truth;
it Susie was faithfull, good-humourd, and
free,
nd fair as the goddess who sprang from
the sea".

nat mamma's fine daughter, with all the
great dow'r,
as awkwardly airy, and frequently
sour;
hen, sighing, he wish'd would her
parents agree,
he witty sweet Susie his mistress might
be.

HE MEETING OF THE WATERS!

here is not in this wide world a valley
so sweet,
s that vale in whose bosom the bright
waters meet,
h! the last rays of feeling and life must
depart,
'er the bloom of that valley shall fade
from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er
the scene.
Her purest of crystal and brightest of
green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or
hill;
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite
still—

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom,
were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchant-
ment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Na-
ture improve
When we see them reflected from looks
that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I
rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I
love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this
cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled
in peace.

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